

Knight Rider and Greyskull by amidtheflowers

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Summary:

What would have happened if Billy showed up at the Byers house and was instead accidentally inducted into the Gang of Kicking Demogorgon Ass? Well, a lot. Too damn much, if Steve has anything to say about it.

1. Chapter One: Revenge Is Never Sweet

Author's Note:

- Translation into Русский available: [Рыцарь Дорог и Серый Череп](#) by [MandoDiao](#)

Hello!

Last night I finished the entirety of Stranger Things season 2, and I had a lot of thoughts. Some of them pertaining to how I felt Billy's character should have fit in at the end of the season. I really felt it was a good opening for him to be basically thrust into the demogorgon chase, much like Steve Harrington had been at the end of season 1. The parallels were all there, but the writers didn't go in that direction. Here's my take on what would happen if they had.

It's undeniable Billy Hargrove is pretty shit, but that doesn't mean he doesn't have an incredible amount of potential as a character. This fic explores those themes.

Enjoy! xx

Disclaimer: Dialogue was used from Season 2 Episode 9, which belongs to the creators and writers of Stranger Things and definitely not me.

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Chapter One: Revenge Is Never Sweet

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It is somewhere between him shoving a demogorgon inside the Byers' refrigerator and washing the slime from said demogorgon off his hands, that Steve wonders when exactly he'd come to terms with

being the resident munchkin Spooky Babysitter.

When they start arguing amongst each other, Steve feels an age-old weariness settle in his bones. In a soft tone, Steve says, “Listen, dude, if a coach calls a play in a game, bottom line—you execute it. Alright?”

Mike’s face twists in a look of disgust. “Okay first of all this isn’t some stupid sports game. And second, we’re not even in the game. We’re on the bench.”

Ah. “R—so my point is...” Steve trails. “Right, yeah, we’re on the bench, so, uh, there’s nothing we can do.”

A loud chorus of groans. Steve sighs. *Tough luck, kiddos*, he thinks. To some level, he gets it. Shit is stirring and it sucks to be benched. Has Steve himself been benched a lot? Weeeell, no, not really, so he can’t *really* relate, but he gets it. With so much on the line—Eleven, Will, the town, *humanity* for Christ’s sake—he understands feeling helpless and wanting to do more.

Steve eyes the bat, leaning harmlessly against the wall with nails embedded on the swinging end. His fingers twitch.

Dustin breaks his thoughts. “That’s not entirely true.”

Steve glances at him. This curlytop kid who, Steve has to admit, is a hell of a lot cooler than he first realized. A pain in the ass, but a damn cool one.

Aaaaand now the pain in the ass has a death wish, and the other dumbasses have joined in.

“Hey,” Steve shakes his head vehemently. “Hey! Hey! This is not happening.”

“But—” Mike starts.

“No, no, no. No buts.” Steve whips off the dish towel slung over his shoulder for emphasis. “I promised I’d keep you shitheads safe, and that’s exactly what I plan on doing. We’re staying here, on the bench. And we’re waiting for the starting team to do their job. Does

everybody understand that?”

“This isn’t some stupid sports game!” Mike bursts angrily.

“I said, does everybody understand that?” Silence. Steve barely withholds rolling his eyes. He puts his hands on his hips, expectant. “I need a yes.”

“You know the plan will work,” Dustin says, staring at Steve seriously. “Right now, they’re going in blind. At least with our help they stand a chance.”

Steve shakes his head, looking away. “Do you really think I can be okay with letting you guys get yourselves killed?”

Dustin steps forward, pleading. “A party member requires assistance, Steve. And it is our duty to provide that assistance.” He sighs, then walks over and grabs the bat from the wall. “I know you promised Nance that you would keep us safe. So keep us safe.”

He shoves the bat into Steve’s hands. They’re all staring at him as he grips the bat tightly in his hands, and he knows he’s in a losing battle.

Steve closes his eyes, exhaling shakily. “We’re gonna need a lot more than a bat.”

An explosion of sound meets his ears as Mike, Lucas, and Max all start shouting ideas at weapons they can take with them—“The cutlery!” Mike suggests, to which Lucas derides, “Yeah, because the demodogs are so afraid of the *salad fork*.” Max is suggesting taking apart bits of the house, and Dustin merely flashes a wide, toothy grin at Steve and punches him on the shoulder.

The bell rings.

They freeze. “A demodog?” Lucas whispers.

“Demodogs don’t ring the doorbell, genius,” Dustin rolls his eyes.

“Everybody shut up,” Steve hisses as he heads for the door, one hand gripping the end of the bat tightly. His eyes widen when he looks through the eyehole, and before he can fully register the frightened

words of warning from Max, Steve opens the door.

Billy Hargrove stares at Steve.

“Harrington,” Billy says, both unimpressed and mildly surprised.
“You’re at the Byers house.”

“I am.” Steve shifts a little, looking at the gaping shirt and the silver earring glinting off one ear.

“I’m looking for my sister. And,” he cranes his neck to peer over Steve’s shoulder, “looks like I found her.” He makes to push past Steve but pauses when he sees the nail-ridden bat in Steve’s hand. A new look enters his eyes—guarded, and slightly worried when his gaze flickers back to where the children stand. “What the *hell* are you doing?”

Suddenly a loud, terrifying snarl echoes in the air and reverberates against the walls. Billy startles, his head whipping back in the direction that it came from. “What the hell was *that*?”

Billy turns back to stare at him, eyes wide and body tense, and Steve makes the decision right there.

“How good are you at baseball?”

Billy’s face contorts with confusion and Steve yanks him inside, closing and locking the door behind him.

“Look I don’t know what kind of shit you’ve been doing here with these kids, but I am taking Max and leaving. And you *better* not try to stop me or I will kick. Your. Ass,” Billy growls. Steve rolls his eyes.

The deafening snarl happens again, this time shaking the entire house. Billy lurches backwards and away from the door, arms raised in fists. “What is that—and what the hell are all these papers?” He glances at the floor, the walls, the ceiling, and Steve knows he has a small window of time left.

“Uhhhh okay, okay okay, shut—shut *up*, assholes, let me just tell him!”

“He wouldn’t understand, he won’t believe you!” Max says angrily.

“Like hell he won’t,” Steve snaps. He turns to Billy. “Uh. Long story short. There’s some people-eating monsters trying to take over the town and kill everyone and some people are out trying to stop it but we need to slow the Mind Flayer down and these idiots over there have an idea of how to do it but I’m only one guy and you look like a pretty angry dude with a lot of muscle and if we’re going to do this terrible plan, I need your muscle.”

Both eyebrows tick up on Billy’s face, and his eyes flit over Steve.

“Are you fucking high?”

Steve drags Billy by the arm, narrowly missing the swing of his left fist before propelling him towards the refrigerator. Yanking the refrigerator door open, Steve and Billy jump out of the way as the body of the demodog rolls down and splatters slime all over the kitchen floor. The cloth falls away, revealing the grotesque flower petal face and talon-like claws.

“What the f—” Billy stops abruptly when the demodog on the floor twitches.

Steve’s blood goes cold.

“Dustin,” Steve says quietly. “It’s supposed to be dead, isn’t it?”

“Eleven killed it,” Dustin whispers, also frozen in shock when the demodog twitches again. “We saw it happen. It burst through the window.”

“But you put it in the fridge,” Mike says, fear thick in his voice. “And he likes the cold.”

A slow, guttural growl emanates from the demodog. Steve glances up, eyes connecting with Billy’s. Suddenly the demodog’s face snaps forward and it screams in Steve’s face before launching itself at him.

Steve grunts as he’s thrown back and slides across the kitchen floor, the bat clattering away from his hand. He pushes his hands against the filmy, slimy body of the demodog as it snarls in his face,

desperately lunging to sink its teeth into Steve's neck. Faintly he hears screaming, screaming from Mike, from Dustin and the others, and he thinks he's a pretty shit babysitter after all—

The demodog screams again and suddenly skitters off of him. Steve blinks in surprise. His mouth promptly drops open as he watches Billy swing the bat over and over at the demodog until blood splatters and sprays across his face, and a weak, dying groan comes from the demodog. When it falls silent and still, Billy swings half a dozen more times before straightening. The bat dangles still by his side, droplets of blood dripping onto the floor.

Billy meets Steve's eyes, licking his lips clean of demogorgon blood.
“Guess I believe you.”

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They're tearing through the Byers shed—well, through what was once *in* the shed. Scraps, empty bullet cases, a rusted shotgun that no longer works. Billy's not so much single-mindedly focused as he is a good multitasker—he's going through every bit of garbage the Byers possess while keeping up a running monologue of questions at Steve. All the while with his car on and music blasting from its speakers.

“Hawkins, overrun by flesh-eating monsters that used the Byers kid as a what—a host?”

“Basically,” Steve grunts, making a face as he picks off a dead bug from his shoe.

“This shit is—holy shit.” Billy laughs, teeth flashing with glee. “Wait ‘til my dad hears about this. Nice quiet town, my lily white ass.”

Steve snorts. He holds up a bit of an old fishing pole, and Billy makes a face. Steve throws it aside.

“And you killed one of these before?”

“Not really. Just beat the shit out of it ‘til it left. That one was an adult, so it didn’t go down easy.”

“And they’re called, what—a demigod?”

“Demogorgon,” Steve shrugs, rolling his eyes. “The kids came up with it.”

Billy whistles low, eyeing Steve once over. “Who knew the school pretty boy had it in him.”

Steve ignores the sting in his words. “Who knew the school dickhead could swing.” He glances briefly at Billy. “Thanks for that, by the way.”

Billy doesn’t say anything, staring. Steve clears his throat. “So about Max—”

“HA!”

Billy pulls out a large, narrow piece of scrap metal triumphantly, holding it up into the air like a sword. He grins wildly. “Now *this* beats a goddamn bat.”

The kids are excited when they come back inside and Billy fixes the metal with a handle made with rubber soles and the upholstery in the Byers house. Steve notices Max edging closer to Billy, little by little.

“What’re you gonna call it?” she asks him tentatively.

A flash of annoyance crosses Billy’s face, but it disappears quickly. Twirling the newly-fashioned sword in his hands, he smirks. “I’m callin’ her Greyskull.”

“Ooooh, like in He-Man!” Dustin says, eyeing the sword with interest. “You have the Power Sword to transform yourself into the ultimate fighter. Son of a bitch.”

Billy’s expression sours and he makes to swipe at Dustin, who immediately jumps back. “What about you, Harrington,” Billy nods at the bat resting in Steve’s hands. “What d’you call that?”

Steve hefts the nail-studded bat in his grip and says, with his eyebrow arched and head tilted back with feigned cool, “Knight Rider.”

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope you liked this change of plot! If you enjoyed this, please feel free to drop a line and tell me what you thought. It would mean the world xx

2. Chapter Two: The Scout

Summary for the Chapter:

The gang goes to the tunnels.

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Chapter Two: The Scout

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A cigarette sits on the edge of Billy's lips as he hefts Greyskull on his shoulder and marches out of the Byers house with Steve and the kids. Lucas reaches the back door first and pulls the handle. He glares at Billy when it stays locked. Billy sneers and saunters over, holding out the remote and unlocking the car.

As Lucas pulls the handle and opens it, Billy suddenly grabs the door and leans in close.

"Don't think this changes anything," Billy says quietly. "After this shit, you stay away from my *sweet* little sister. For. Good." He glances at Max, who seems to shrink before his gaze. "And you. Don't for a second believe I'll forget what you pulled tonight either. Sneak out of your bedroom again and it'll be the last time you have a bed."

"Dude," Steve looks at Billy a little incredulously and shakes his head. All four kids cram inside the backseat of the car and Steve closes the door for them. "They're just kids, man."

The corner of Billy's mouth twitches, and he flicks the cigarette down before rubbing the sole of his boot on it. "Last I checked we weren't in school, Harrington. Save the lesson for later." Billy yanks the driver's side door and Steve suppresses a sigh.

The second Steve closes the passenger door, Billy steps on the gas and the car lurches forward. Steve's hands frantically scramble against the dashboard and the door handle, staring wildly at Billy. "Holy—slow down!"

“What was that? Can’t hear you,” Billy shouts over the sound of *Metallica* blasting from the speakers, a half-grin spreading across his face.

“Dude, turn that down!” Mike says irritatedly. “You don’t even know where to go yet!”

“Yeah, you’re about to miss the first right,” Dustin shouts. Billy licks his lips and eases off the accelerator, letting the motor slow down on its own. Steve reaches over and flips off the radio.

“Hey.” Billy glares at Steve. His tone is one of warning. “Nobody touches my radio.”

“You’re going to wake up the entire neighborhood, genius,” Steve glares back. “And make us a target for any demodog lurking out there.”

Billy curls back his lip and shifts in his seat, fingers flexing over the wheel. The radio doesn’t turn back on.

“Take the next two rights,” Lucas instructs.

“How much further?” Steve asks, twisting around to look at him.

“Not much,” Mike replies as he pours over the map with Lucas. “Take the left. No—not this left, the next one!”

The car jerks as Billy hastily pulls away from the left turn and swerves into the next one. “You’re supposed to tell me that before, dumbass,” Billy hisses angrily.

“Mike stop telling the wrong directions!” Lucas shouts.

“I’m not, I didn’t think he’d try to make that left!”

“You’ve lost your map privileges,” Lucas snaps the map away from Mike’s view.

“Guys, let the man concentrate,” Dustin says as Billy starts speeding up again.

“That’s physically impossible,” Max mutters.

Billy glances in the rearview. “What did you say?”

Steve shifts uneasily as the air thickens with tension. With the way Billy’s eyes don’t leave the rearview mirror and Max pretending to look away, Steve knows he has to step in. “So uh—so, so why Greyskull?”

Billy doesn’t respond immediately. He’s still glaring into the rearview. Then, finally, he glances at Steve then returns his attention to the road.

“I should ask you that. Knight Rider? Really?”

“What? He’s cool,” Steve shrugs, relieved that the tension is simmering down. “You’re lying if you say you never pretended your car was KITT.”

“Should’ve known you’d be into that kind of thing,” Billy says, his hands relaxing on the wheel as he glances at Steve again. Steve fiddles with his rolled sleeve.

“He practically lives it,” Dustin snorts.

“I do not,” Steve says, rolling his eyes.

“Dude, have you *seen* the car your dad drives?” Lucas says incredulously.

Billy starts chuckling, the sound coming low from his throat. “So a pretty boy with a rich daddy, huh?”

“It’s not like that,” Steve grunts and looks away, heat rising up his neck.

“I think it’s exactly like that.”

“What does it matter what my dad is? I’m not my dad,” Steve shrugs. Billy’s eyes flicker over to him, and Steve wonders why suddenly he looks bitter.

“You’re going to make a left right here, and then I’ll tell you when to stop,” Lucas says. Billy makes the turn and drives for less than three minute before they finally reach the hub spot.

Steve jumps out of the car and closes his eyes briefly against the cool air. He heads to the back and pops the trunk. For a moment, all he does is stare at the scrap sword and the nail bat.

“Holy shit,” Steve whispers, eyes blown wide. “Shiiiiit shit, I can’t believe we’re doing this. Okay.”

A hand claps his back and Steve glances up as Billy sidles beside him. “Let’s get this show started.” Billy tosses the bat to Steve and grips the sword in his other hand, flicking his wrist and swinging it with deft ease.

“You ever, uh...use a Power Sword before?” Steve asks as he makes a similar swivel with his bat. The weight is just a hair heavy but balanced, feeling comfortable in his grasp.

Billy gives him a dead look and Steve can’t help but laugh. “I had to ask.”

“I used to watch the show when it came out,” Billy shrugs, looking intently at Greyskull and not anywhere near Steve. “It was a good idea. Guy who gets full power and control with a hunk of metal? Sign me the hell up.”

“Used to? You don’t watch anymore?” Steve frowns. It is incredibly corny but Steve doesn’t mind watching some episodes when nothing else is on. He gets what the hype is about.

Billy looks him dead in the eye.“I don’t do a lot of things anymore since I moved here.”

With an aggressive shove, Billy slams the trunk closed and walks away.

They fit scarves over their faces and goggles over their eyes. Billy stares at the goggles for an eternity before reluctantly putting them on. Steve doesn’t miss Billy discreetly adjusting his hair so it doesn’t get deflated in the process. Steve almost mentions how he should

probably find a way to button up his shirt, but when Billy catches him looking he loses his nerve.

The kids walk them to a pit in the ground that Steve knows will lead to the upside-down tunnel system. Steve rigs a rope to the back of the car and brings it over to the pit, and experimentally drops it down the hole. It stays.

One by one, Mike, Lucas, Dustin, and Max lower themselves down the rope and into the tunnel. Steve raises an eyebrow at Billy when he doesn't move.

Billy purses his lips as if he's still got a cigarette lit. "Too afraid to go first?"

Steve rolls his eyes and mutters, "Jesus Christ, fine, I'll go."

Pulling the goggles down over his eyes and the scarf over his mouth, Steve lowers himself down the rope. He tugs it hard once he reaches the ground, glancing over to check all the kids are there and accounted for. Billy lowers himself down a little less gracefully—mostly jumps down—and immediately reels back when he sees just what this tunnel is like.

"This is fucking disgusting," Billy observes.

"Yeah, well, definitely don't touch the walls, then," Steve replies as he pulls out a flashlight and flicks it on. "Alright, where's the map?"

Mike hands him the tunnel map and Steve secures Knight Rider under the loop of his belt. "Follow me and stick together. I am not losing any of you twerps tonight."

Steve leads the gang, carefully reading the map and becoming hyperalert at every little sound. Within minutes Dustin is shrieking and Steve rounds back in a panic, the kids shouting and Billy poised at the ready with his sword.

"It—in my mouth—I got some upside down gunk in my mouth!" Dustin cries.

Steve groans and Billy drops the sword back to his side as the others

turn away. “Kids,” Billy mutters under his breath with disgust. “Pull yourself together, Shirley. Don’t drag the rest of us down with you.”

“If you’re referring to Shirley Temple then that joke died five years ago,” Dustin remarks while still spitting slime from his mouth. “Try harder next time.”

“You’ve got a death wish, don’t you?”

“No sane person would do this kind of mission so yeah, I probably do.”

A loud rumble echoes through the tunnel and they all freeze. Steve’s hand instinctively reaches for the handle of Knight Rider.

“Come on,” Steve says quietly. “We need to torch this place and get the hell out of here.”

They walk quickly through the tunnels, nobody braving a word as the rumbling along the walls continues. Steve leads in front and Billy falls behind to cover the back, Greyskull gripped tightly in his hands.

The second they reach the center of the tunnel they start throwing gasoline along the walls, the floor, every surface they can reach. Billy reaches inside his jeans and pulls out a match and backs away before setting the place ablaze.

The effect is instantaneous—the second the tunnel goes up in flames a synchronous cacophony of howling fills the air, thundering against their bones like a wild drum beat in their chests. “Go, go, go!” Steve shouts as he leads them back to where they came from. The sound of snarling grows louder and louder until finally a demodog appears before them.

Steve and Billy whip out their weapons but Dustin throws his arms out. “Wait, stop!”

“Move, kid,” Billy growls.

“No. He won’t hurt me.” Dustin swallows hard, then walks towards the demodog. Steve realizes this is the same one he was meant to hunt earlier—the cat-eating pet Dustin had been keeping. He eyes the

yellow pattern on its back with disbelief. Steve tries remember again why the hell he thought it would be a good idea to be in charge of babysitting the most irresponsible and downright *crazy* kids in all of Indiana.

“What the hell is he doing?” Billy whispers harshly in Steve’s ear and Steve presses a hand to his mouth quickly, emphatically shaking his head. Billy stills against him, his gaze flickering at the hand over his own lips then back to Dustin.

He feels Billy mumble something against his hand when Dart starts eating the Three Musketeers nougats. From the intonation, Steve suspects it’s another disbelieving curse. Removing his hand, he quietly motions for the rest of them to sneak past Dustin and Dart.

Relief washes over him when they reach the rope. “Go, go, quickly! Come on!” He helps Lucas, Mike, Max, and Dustin up the rope as quickly as he can before another deafening howl fills the tunnel, this time accompanied with thunderous footsteps.

Billy turns to Steve, wringing out his shoulders. “Ready, Harrington?”

In the moment he feels invincibility cloak over his terror, like he really is a hero with his own theme song as he prepares beating the shit out of hundreds of monsters. He wonders if the town will erect a statue of him; if schools will sing songs and kids whisper stories of the high school senior with good hair that died saving the world. He wonders if it’ll all be covered up too, just like Barb.

Steve whips out Knight Rider as Billy holds Greyskull ready. “You bet your ass I’m ready, Hargrove.”

For some reason this makes Billy laugh.

When they come, tumbling down the tunnel and straight towards them, Billy hisses in Steve’s ear, “*Plant your feet.*”

The expected impact from the demodogs never comes. Steve and Billy jerk towards each other as the demodogs bypass them entirely and race towards the opposite end of the tunnel—the one that leads straight to Hawkins Lab.

When the tunnel is left with just Billy and Steve again, they exchange looks.

“That’s it?”

“You should be happy,” Steve says breathlessly, his hands shaking from the sudden adrenaline high. “Unless you wanted to be, you know, eaten alive.”

“I was promised ass-kicking. I want to collect.” Billy gruffly tucks Greyskull away as Steve secures Knight Rider to his belt again.

Steve knows something is wrong the second his head pokes out of the pit and climbs over the wall of dirt. The kids are standing stiff as a board facing away from him, holding their hands tightly together. Behind him, Billy says, “What—” before stopping abruptly.

Steve, ever so quietly, says, “What happened to that hive mind, Dustin?”

“Well, uh,” Dustin swallows convulsively, “I think what we see here is a scout that stays behind to make sure the outside is...secure.”

The demodog in question gives a rumbling snarl. Slowly, Steve reaches for Knight Rider and mutters to Billy, “Time to collect.”

He moves fast—the second the little fucker screams Steve is charging, swinging the bat wildly and exhales hard with satisfaction when he feels flesh meet the end of his nails. It maneuvers quickly out of the way and Billy’s shouting “GET IN THE CAR, NOW!” before letting out a savage scream of his own and swinging Greyskull with a vicious lunge.

A row of talons connect with Steve’s chest and the wind is knocked out of him, throwing him backwards and sliding along the dirt. Billy charges forward, swinging and missing as the demodog advances on him. He gets a solid hit, and blood starts spilling from the demodog’s arm. A savage grin spreads along his face and he swings again and again, and the demodog lets out a painful whine—then knocks Billy right under his feet.

Steve’s eyes widen. He moves on automatic, staggering to his feet and

grabbing Knight Rider. The demodog pauses its advance on Billy to whirl around on Steve.

One step, two step, a growl—Steve stays rooted where he stands and aims straight for the head.

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Sound comes slowly—but when it does it's unbearable.

The goddamn kids. He'd told them to sit in the car and those assholes didn't listen. As fucking usual.

Billy opens his eyes. A figure is kneeling over him, and he blinks rapidly to get rid of the blurriness in his eyes.

Pretty Boy's face grows sharper until Billy can see the little smirk on his lips.

Smile widening, Steve says, "I planted my feet."

Notes for the Chapter:

Two down, one more to go! I have a small suspicion that the final chapter will have to be split, but we'll see how that goes ;) I hope you liked this one! There are obvious departures from the show here. Hopefully they made sense x

Thank you so, sooo much to everyone who's read this fic and to everyone who took the time to leave a comment. I'm so happy there's a tiny little community here who feels the same about the potential Billy could've had and didn't get in the final episode. :)

If you liked this, feel free to drop a line and let me know what you thought! xx

3. Chapter Three: Friends

Summary for the Chapter:

The final chapter.

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Chapter 3: Friends

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Billy doesn't protest when Steve helps him up from the ground and loops an arm around his waist. Steve glances at the demodog lying still on the ground where he'd left him. The end of his bat is smattered with blood—again—and the sight gives him a sense of relief.

Billy groans, swaying on his feet. Steve grips him tightly before turning to stare at the kids. "In the car. Now."

They listen without question, and he thinks they must genuinely be scared shitless to whirl around that fast and scramble into the backseat. It's not a very satisfying thought.

Steve makes for the passenger door, grimacing as Billy's weight continues to slacken. It doesn't make sense why he's so out of it. All the demodog did was knock him off his feet, right? Steve watched it happen. He opens the door with some difficulty and readjusts his grip on Billy.

"Alright man, in you go. Duck you head," Steve carefully lowers Billy into the seat. He picks up two booted feet and stuffs them beneath the dashboard, and Billy groans.

"Something's wrong," Mike says, glancing at Billy warily.

"Yeah that's like—the fifth time he's done that," Dustin adds. "Did he get bitten or something? Can demogorgon bites make you turn... demogorgon-y?"

“They’re not vampires or werewolves,” Lucas rolls his eyes.

“Who knows! This is a whole new species we’re dealing with here!”

“Shut up!” Steve snaps, before returning his gaze to Billy. He bites his lip with worry as Billy’s eyes flicker underneath his lids. “How’re we feeling, Hargrove?”

Billy shifts a little in the seat, before slurring, “Like your mom’s mmmmg.”

“Riiight. Let’s check for ourselves then.” Steve leans in close and gingerly tilts Billy’s head to the side. There’s some dried blood near his temple, but luckily no real swelling. Leaning closer, he runs his fingers lightly through Billy’s hair and is a little surprised at how soft it actually is. *Yeah, not the time to be thinking about that.* Steve’s brows furrow when he feels something warm, and his fingers draw back with blood.

“Shit,” he mutters under his breath.

“Wuz’matter, Harrington?” Billy mumbles into his neck, sending goosebumps across Steve’s skin. Billy’s eyes are still closed. “Sp... speechless at how good I look?”

“Oh yeah, totally,” Steve says dryly. Pulling the bandana from his neck, Steve glances at the kids. “Anyone got a bottle of water?”

The kids search themselves and Dustin hands him a bottle from his pack. He wets the bandana and gently pulls Billy’s head back again. Carefully, he wipes away the blood. “Clocked you pretty good, didn’t he?” Steve murmurs. Billy winces and Steve grimaces, “Sorry. Probably hurts like a bitch.”

“Had worse.”

“I bet. Punk like you probably got up to loads of trouble in California.”

Billy doesn’t answer. Steve glances down in alarm. “Nuh uh, nope. No sleeping,” Steve starts slapping Billy’s face until his face twists in a loud groan. “You have a concussion and I am *so* not letting you die in

—well, your own car. Not while I'm driving.”

When he climbs into the driver's seat, Steve glances at the kids. “Poke him whenever he starts falling asleep.”

“You're such an asshole, Harrington,” says Billy with no real heat.

“Yeah, yeah, join the club,” Steve says under his breath as he turns the key in the ignition and starts to drive.

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When they get back to the house, the Byers and Nancy are already there. The kids scramble out of the car and Steve hears delighted cheers—Will is okay, the Mind Flayer is defeated, and if the deafening shriek of doom that just came from the Hawkins lab side of town is to go by anything, it's safe to say Chief Hopper and Eleven are just fine.

Billy is more or less functional as he gets out of the car, with Steve holding open the door. “You don't have to get up if you don't feel good, man,” Steve offers, but Billy makes no response. Slowly, with a little stumbling and pausing, Steve and Billy enter the Byers house and Billy promptly takes a seat on the sofa.

“Hey, uh, Mrs. Byers?” Steve calls. “Could you take a look at him? And where's your first aid kit?”

Joyce checks the wound and sticks two Snoopy stickers on the back of his head, and a bright yellow one on his temple. She gives Billy some acetaminophen and water, assuring them with a smile that he'll be just fine.

When Hopper and Eleven arrive, Billy nods at them. “Who's the kid?”

Steve shrugs. “Eleven, I'm pretty sure.”

“Who?”

“Eleven.”

“Who's Eleven?”

“A girl who can move stuff with her mind.”

Billy snorts, shaking his head.

“Don’t believe me?”

“Do you even hear yourself, Harrington?”

“Don’t look at me, this is just what I’ve heard.”

“Why’s her name Eleven?”

Steve pauses. “You know, I don’t know. Why *is* her name Eleven?” Steve shrugs. “I hear the kids calling her El, though, so. Yeah, it’s best if you just don’t get into this. At all. How’s your head?”

“Like a jackhammer on cement.”

“Youch.”

“I’ve had worse.”

“So I’ve heard. I’m not sure I want to know how bad those were. You could make a scale, maybe,” Steve offers, and he feels some kind of maniacal hysteria bubbling in his chest at the hilarity of it, which he promptly squashes down. “On a scale from Demogorgon to Death, how bad is your headache?”

Billy chuckles, licking his lips. “You’re funny too. Who’d’ve known Pretty Boy was so multitalented?”

As Steve watches the kids talking animatedly with El, he realizes something. “Hey. We’re having a conversation.”

“School’s really teaching us seniors well, isn’t it?”

“No, I mean, one where you’re not threatening to punch my teeth in. What was it you called me? Prince Steve?”

“King Steve,” Billy glances down at his hands.

“I can’t believe you made the term for the highest level of royalty an insult.” There’s only the tiniest hint of sulking in Steve’s voice. Billy

catches his eye, the corner of his mouth quirking up.

“Yeah? Alright, no more King Steve.”

Steve nods, then tilts his head. “I mean, if you’re using it *reverently* then by all means, use it.”

“I could still punch your teeth in and we could cut this off right here.”

“Yeah, shutting up now.”

-:-

Hopper is nice enough to take Mike and Lucas in his truck and drop them back off to their homes. Steve lingers by the door, waiting to see what Billy does.

Evidently, it’s to head to his car.

“Dude, no way.”

Steve stops Billy as he makes for the driver’s side of his car. Billy glowers at him.

“My keys, Harrington.”

Max is watching them warily, hovering at the back door.

Steve shakes his head, folding his arms over his chest. “Nope, not happening. Chief Hopper asked me to drive you.”

Billy glares at him. “You’re a shit liar, Harrington.”

“And you’re concussed, Hargrove. Come on, I’m driving.”

Steve sighs inwardly in relief when Billy finally relents and sits in the passenger seat. Max climbs in quickly, and Steve drives them home. The car is dead silent the entire way. Steve tries telling himself it’s only a little unnerving.

When he pulls in front of the house, Max bolts out of the car and runs towards the front door.

“Get back here, you little shit,” Billy hisses and throws open the car door and storms after her. He sways and stumbles heavily on his feet, and Steve quickly gets out of the car.

“Hey, take it easy, man,” Steve reaches to help him but reels back when Billy swings his arm at him.

“You stay away. Go, get the hell out of here,” Billy growls through his teeth. Steve blinks wordlessly, unmoving. He watches as Billy stalks towards the house.

The door opens to Max, and Steve makes out a man standing at the door, voices rising slowly.

“—have you been?”

“At a friend’s, I’m alright—” Max says defensively.

“No it is *not* alright. Go to your room now, your mother will talk to you about this.”

Max sidles past the man and disappears into the house and out of sight.

“The hell is that on your head?”

This time Steve doesn’t need to strain to hear what they’re saying—the man and Billy are loud and clear in their anger.

“What does it *look* like?”

“What did I say about being a smartass with me?”

Steve shifts uncomfortably.

“It’s a Band-Aid. I got hurt. Let me through.”

“Not until I hear what happened.”

“That wasn’t part of the deal, Dad. I got Max home safe and sound, alright? Now let. Me. Through.”

Steve startles when the man roughly grabs Billy by the collar and

pulls him close. Before he can hear what Billy's dad says next, Steve's running.

"Heeeeey, Mr. Hargrove? It *is* Mr. Hargrove, right?" Steve says cheerily.

Billy freezes next to him and glances at Steve with a look of cold dread.

"Who are you?" Mr. Hargrove narrows his eyes at him. Abruptly he lets go of Billy.

"Well sir, my name is Steve Harrington. You see, Billy here was walking door to door looking for his sister when I sort of—accidentally—grazed him with my car." Steve holds up his hands. "Complete accident. I keep saying kids should wear reflectors on their clothes, but, you know." Steve gives an exaggerated shrug.

"You hit my son with your car."

"By accident," Billy says, a renewed look of determination in the way he straightens his back. "He gave the Band-Aids."

Mr. Hargrove gives Steve a look. "So why're you here? Where's your car?"

"I offered to drive him and Max home in case he was concussed. Don't worry though—it's not that bad a walk to my house from here; I'll make it back home just fine."

Mr. Hargrove exchanges looks between Steve and Billy before giving a short smile. "Well then, I owe you my thanks."

Steve smiles back. "It's no problem, sir."

Mr. Hargrove nods, then glances at Billy. "Put some ice on that."

He steps away from the door and saunters inside the house, leaving Steve and Billy alone outside.

Billy reaches for the door handle and closes the door. He gazes at Steve calmly.

“Well, well, well.”

“Dude,” Steve sighs, looking away.

“You just keep surprising me, don’t you, Harrington?”

“You have no idea.”

“Maybe I want to.”

Steve scoffs. “Right.”

“Is it really an easy walk to your house from here?”

“Not really. I live all the way on the other side of the town.”

“Poor Steve,” Billy tilts his head. “Did you have to mention the concussion though?”

“All lies need half-truths to work,” Steve shrugs easily. “I did have to drive you because you got a concussion.”

“I’m not concussed. I just liked your pretty little fingers taking care of me.” Billy licks the top row of his teeth with a grin and a wink.

“You’re such an asshole,” Steve mutters.

“Yeah, I am.”

“An asshole with a pretty shitty dad.”

“Yeah, he is.”

“Is he always like that?”

“Only when he’s sober.” Billy flashes a tight grin. “And the man doesn’t drink.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah.”

“What’s he like when he *is* drunk?”

“Louder.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah.”

Silence stretches between them. Steve fights off a fidget when Billy stares right at him, straight in the eyes and unwavering. He can’t tell if he’s waiting for something, or just watching.

“Hey,” Steve starts, licking his lips, not noticing Billy’s eyes flicker down at the movement. “Some night, huh?”

Billy smiles slowly. “Some night.”

“You saved me from a demodog.” Steve rubs the back of his neck a little awkwardly.

“So did you.”

“Yeah,” Steve nods. “So, uh. We good?”

“Good?” Billy frowns, pretending not to understand. “What do you mean?”

“Don’t be a jerk, Hargrove.”

“Tell me.”

“I mean,” Steve kicks a pebble with his shoe, stuffing his hands down his jacket pockets. “Come on, we just saved the world tonight. We don’t *have* to go back to being shitty at each other.”

“See, that’s where you’re wrong,” Billy clicks his tongue, eyes piercing his. “*You* were always nice, *I* was shitty.”

“Yeah, well.” Steve nods, not quite knowing what to say. “Let’s maybe not do that anymore.”

Billy stares at him as a slow smile spreads on his face.

“You asking me to be friends, Harrington?”

“Are you going to be a dick about it if I said I was?”

Billy shakes his head once, slowly. “No.”

Steve nods, swallowing. “Alright then. Friends. Trial period, though. If you actually punch my teeth in then no dice.”

Billy snorts as Steve holds out his hand. Sucking in his lower lip between his teeth, Billy clasps Steve’s hand and squeezes.

“You got yourself a deal, Pretty Boy.”

Their fingers slide away, and Steve rolls his eyes. “Could you not call me that?”

“Nope. I like this one.”

“Whatever,” Steve rolls his eyes. He turns around and starts heading down the front path before Billy stops him.

“Hey. Take the bat from the trunk with you,” Billy says seriously. “You don’t know when you’ll need it.”

Steve nods slowly and turns back towards the car, and Billy finally goes inside the house. With a slight grimace Steve pops the trunk open and stares.

Knight Rider and Greyskull lay harmlessly inside. Dark, thick blood coats both of them, already dried by now. Steve grabs Knight Rider and hefts it in his hand before slamming the trunk closed, and walking into the night.

Fin.

Notes for the Chapter:

And that's a wrap!

Thank you everyone who gave this fic love and support. You all are amazing!

Initially my plan was to make this extend into what

happens after the demogorgon situation, but decided to leave this at the original 3 chapters that hint at a little something between Steve and Billy. I want to keep this fic as the fixit it's intended to be. However, this means there's going to be a part 2 to this fic which will cover the second arc. So yay, good news on that front!

Thank you so much, I hope you enjoyed this chapter and this fic! xxx